

Saving Money in the Home Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

WE all know about the High Cost of Living—but how about the Cost of High Living?

I know that phrase is moth-eaten and time-honored, but anything that fits can still be worn. And the dozens of letters I get every day have confirmed the belief I have been trying to get out of my mind for months. Living is high, but into the bargain most of us are living TOO high. All doubt has been removed from my mind by the nature and contents of the letters I receive.

Dozens of women write me about doing this and doing that as though there were some special virtue in the fact that one mends one's stockings or presses one's own clothes. One woman cites the fact that she has economized by manure her own nails!

Where Luxury and Necessity Overlap.

The situation is clear—the luxury of yesterday has become the necessity of today. And that's one of the reasons that we're all paying a high tariff for everything we eat and wear.

I'm still a rather young person everything, of course, is a matter of comparison, but I can still remember the day when only a rich girl went to have her fingers "done." Today every little war worker has 'em done once a week. I'm not very ancient, and yet I can remember when Georgette blouses first came out, and we all were quite delighted if we could have one for "best." Now most of us don't wear anything else!

I can still recall when good silk hose could be had for a little over a dollar, and if we had two good black pair, we felt quite prosperous. Now nobody ever thinks of wearing the silk hose of a few years ago, and although silk ones have soared and soared in price, we have them in every color to match every pair of shoes!

Does any woman do her own "chores" nowadays? And the "chores" of her own person and wardrobe?

Apparently not when my readers tell me that they saved a dollar this week by laundering their own Georgette blouses or pared off another dollar by shampooing their own hair. And all written with a very apparent sense of virtue—if not actual hardship! And another woman tells me she pressed her own suit and saved a couple of dollars more. And still another that she had saved \$50 by not buying a new dress, but had had her old one shopping and priced new ones, by getting out her last year's coat, finding it was quite presentable and deciding to wear it another season.

Let George Do It. The American Slogan.

With their best black merino and their one good silk dress of a lifetime!

No—in answer to your question I would go back to the days of our grandmothers and believe that every woman should have all the pretty and becoming clothes she needs—because she's going to lose out in a lot of things if she doesn't—but I think we've all got to pause a minute and see just where we're headed.

A generation ago, we only had help in to do the heavy work. Many women would do a trial just to do the dishes. In every neighborhood are little shops that do the work that most plain, every-day people used to do for themselves. Pressing, repairing, mending, over-all of it is done outside the home. A dozen women will tell you with perfect honesty that it's cheaper. Try it sometime and keep an account and you will write in and tell me whether it is cheaper or not. Trying shampooing your own hair, manure your own nails a little bit every day and not paying 75 cents or a dollar once a week, and saving much the pressing bills of the family mount up to. See whether baker's bread is cheaper than home-made, or bought jelly and preserves less expensive than those made in your own kitchen.

Ten years ago only actresses and millionaires' daughters wore silk and satin underclothes. Georgette nighties would have been looked at askance by a race of women who considered "wear" as well as looks, whose long cloth gowns wore not one season, but two and three. Now everybody has crepe de chine chemise and satin knickers, or leastways, most everybody. And they don't even make them themselves.

One Job Enough For Anybody.

For the woman who works—who specializes in some one direction, I'm not so sure I'd have her do her own "chores" altogether, because she has only so much strength each day and I never believe in using up reserves. But the stay-at-home woman hasn't much license to talk about the high cost of living while she doesn't even wash out a pocket handkerchief or clean a pair of white gloves. Those who dance MUST pay the piper and all those who insist on being "ladies," must necessarily pay for the privilege.

I'm not nearly so cross as I sound, but I can't see any economy in the sort of person who thinks that by avoiding a six-dollar dinner at the Willard, they deserve a crown and scepter.

Just to encourage the women who count not dollars, but pennies, I'm going to give the prize today to a woman who saves even grease. More than that I'm going to give two prizes because two women had the same idea, sent it in in the same mail and although one letter was longer and more explicit than the other, I'd have to be a Solomon to decide which one is more entitled to the prize and since I am not even Mrs. Solomon, I'm going to give them both a prize and then I can sleep nights and not lose my fair young beauty.

This Is a Real Economy.

Here they are:

MY DEAR MISS LATTIMER: With the cost of all shortenings so high, I have discovered a way of saving bacon grease from becoming rancid so that it may be used indefinitely. I have two well-matched paste jars about seven inches high with a screw top. I tie a piece of cheese cloth over the top and of these, and pour the warm grease through, and keep the covers on when not in use. When cold, the grease is as clean and white as the best lard and I use it for biscuits,

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

I saved and I earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper. I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

etc., and find it answers every purpose. Before discovering this method of keeping it, I had thrown away many a pound of rancid, dirty grease. ELIZABETH W. ELKIND, Northwest Park, Bethesda, Md.

Mrs. Simmons Gives More Details.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER: I find that I can cut down the H. C. L. by saving every particle of fat in the kitchen. I keep fresh new lard for pastry, biscuits, etc., but in frying food, I save all pieces of ham, and beef fat, cooked or uncooked, cut in small pieces and put in a covered vessel on top of stove or in a hot oven and fry out, stirring occasionally. As soon as the pieces are brown, strain through a fine strainer, and keep in a covered kettle or dish, adding to it as fat accumulates, and keep in a cool place. My chicken fat is used in place of butter in making ginger bread or mayonnaise dressing for chicken salad.

I use the same fat to fry doughnuts, oysters, and croquettes by letting the fat cool after it has been used and adding a pared white potato and reheat, until the potato is brown, thus saving the fat and causing it to be soiled and soiled in price, we have them in every color to match every pair of shoes!

I use my mutton and lamb fat, fat that has been left to make soap. I keep these fats in an old granite bucket, when convenient I fry out, stirring occasionally, and strain the liquid fat into two large cans. This will make enough strained fat to make soap with one can of lye. Follow directions on the can, adding one-half cup of ammonia, two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax, and one ounce of glycerine. This will make an excellent soap that is white, will not chap the hands, and will float.

Very respectfully,

M. L. SIMMONS,

1771 T St. N. W.

Attractive Gowns For the Autumn Outdoors



Most attractive as a suit waist is this of georgette article to the extreme left above. Next it is a charming after noon costume of georgette cloth.

This pretty model to the right is of tricotine, suggestive of the tunic mode, whilst next it is an all-round dress, also of tricotine, embroidered in black thread.

A fetching hat is that below of sailor shape, in black panne velvet with a blue bow of the same material.



Answers to Questions

The Bureau cannot give advice on legal, medical, and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject.

Q.—What is the distance from Chicago, Ill., to Bahia, Brazil, and what is the fare?
J. H.

A.—Chicago is 5,320 miles from Bahia. One way rates between New York and Bahia are first class, \$325; second class, \$170; third class, \$90.

Q.—Is influenza contagious?
T. H.

A.—The Public Health Service says that it may be caught from people who sneeze and cough, from common drinking cups, or where people are herded together. A new official flu bulletin can be secured through our Washington Information Bureau by anyone who sends a 2-cent stamp for return postage, also give name and address.

Q.—How can I make my eyebrows heavier?
C. F.

A.—The Public Health Service says to increase the growth of eyebrows, pure olive oil should be rubbed in regularly each night.

Q.—What is the present value of a German mark in American money?
B. E. E.

A.—The mark has depreciated from the value of 23.8 cents, its value before the war, to about 4 cents.

Q.—Is it true that owing to a strange grouping of six mighty planets next December, the United States will be swept by a most terrific weather cataclysm?
V. A.

A.—The Naval Observatory says that planets and the grouping of planets have nothing whatever to do with the atmospheric conditions of the world. Hence there is no need to be alarmed about a weather cataclysm next December.

Q.—By what other names is a photoplay known?
D. G.

A.—Moving picture, movie, motion picture, cinema, and cinematograph are all used in referring to a photoplay.

Q.—Can you tell me anything about the "show boat" or "floating theaters" that used to operate on the Mississippi river?
R. G.

A.—Before the days of the moving pictures there were a number of steamboats that traveled up and down the Mississippi with musical shows. These generally consisted of black-face minstrels. During recent years they have almost entirely disappeared. The last of these boats to operate was called the "Sunny South."

Q.—Who was Joyce Kilmer and in what battle was he killed?
B. K.

A.—He was born in 1886, and was a graduate of Rutgers College. For several years he was a news writer on various New York newspapers. He contributed many short stories and poems and sketches to the metropolitan papers and magazines. He was recognized as one of the leading American poets. He was killed in action in France in the Battle of Ypres.

Q.—Who wrote "Dixie"?
L. V.

A.—The song "Dixie" was written by Gen. Albert Pike, who served in the civil war under the Confederate flag, and who commanded a regiment of Cherokee Indians in the Mexican war. "Dixie" was the favorite marching song of the Southern troops.

Q.—What did the Spanish-American war cost the United States?
B. E.

A.—This war cost us a hundred and forty-one millions of dollars. There were 279 men killed in action, and 1,466 were wounded.

Q.—Why are twenty-one guns fired as a salute?
M. M.

A.—It is said that the custom of firing twenty-one guns as a salute is of English origin. The English fired seven shots three times—once for England and Wales, once for Scotland, and again for Ireland. A member of the first United States Congress is accredited with having said the United States adopted the English salute as a notification to the mother country that the United States had reached its majority. Another explanation is that the figures 1776 total 21.

Q.—What kind of lights are used in United States lighthouses?
M. M.

A.—The Bureau of Lighthouses says that the lights are of kerosene oil (either wick lamps or vaporized under mantels), electricity in incandescent lamps, or gas and acetylene gas. The oil lamp predominates.

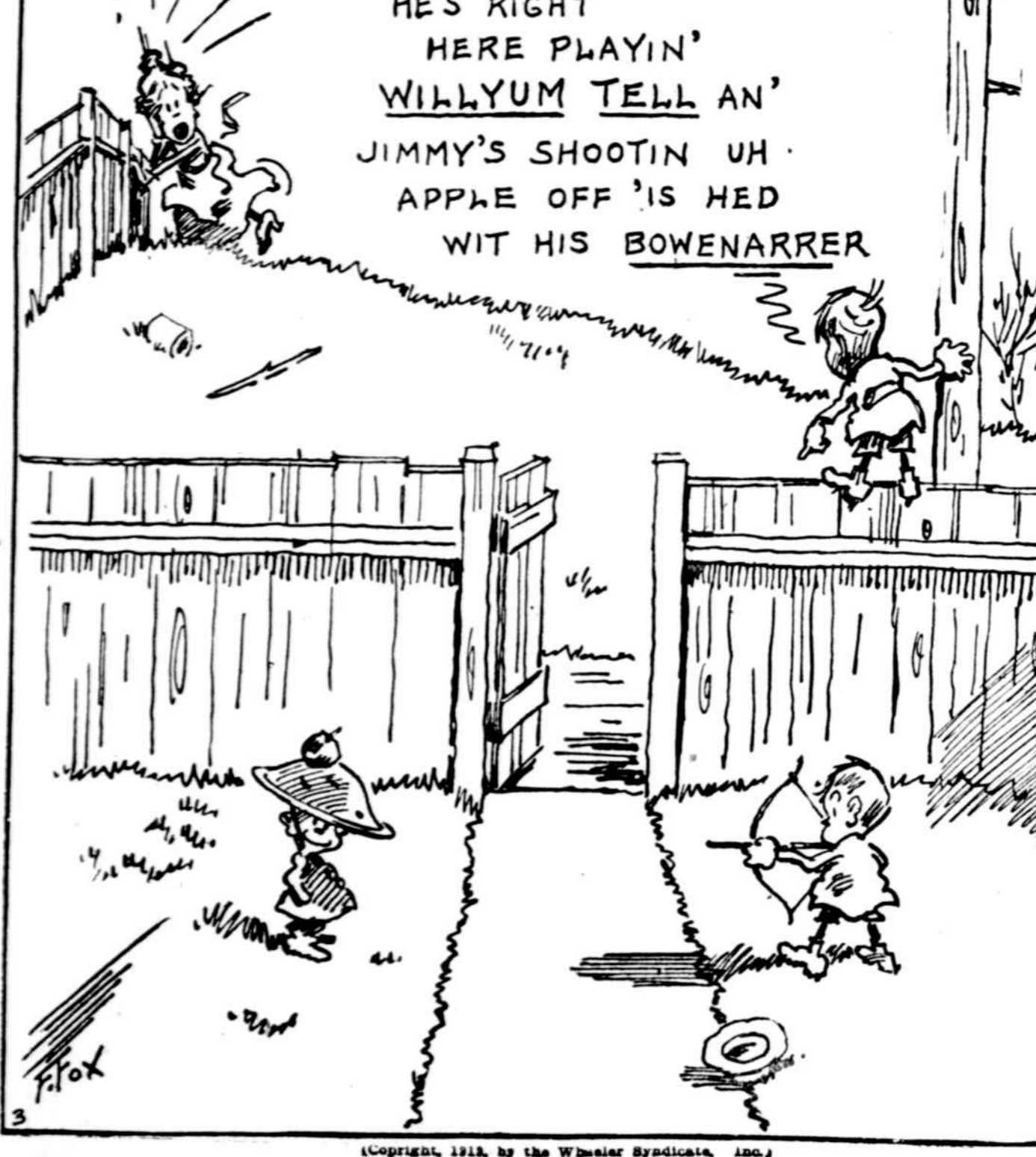
Tales of Washington THE ROSSLYN SLAYING MYSTERY

ONE bright day in July, 1893, of the customarily quiet town of Rosslyn, Va., which lies on the south side of the Potomac at the Aqueduct bridge, was awakened to find itself suddenly thrust into one of the most horrible slaying mysteries that had ever taken place in the vicinity of Washington.

Word of the discovery of a man's body in a ditch beside one of the town's principal streets spread like wildfire, and not long after sunrise hundreds of the residents of Washington, prompted by morbid curiosity, had hurried to the spot.

Jeanette Pearson, a young girl of the village, on her way from her home to the town, had almost stumbling on the body, which she found lying on the side of the road, with the head down in the highway gulch. The blood still flowed from wounds in the head, and the atrocity evidently had just taken place.

"HE'S RIGHT
HERE PLAYIN'
WILLYUM TELL AN'
JIMMY'S SHOOTIN UH
APPLE OFF 'IS HED
WIT HIS BOWENARRER



tainly concerning it gave rise to the theory that the murder had been committed for robbery. This was never definitely determined, however, and the motive still remains a large part of the mystery.

Wholesale arrests followed the removal of the body to the morgue, and most of the notorious criminals then in the District were apprehended and thrown into jail. One by one, however, the prisoners established alibis and were released.

A. A. Lipscomb, a well-known attorney at that time, co-operating with the famous Frank Burrows, a Georgetown detective, and Police-Commissioner Nelson and Connell, was untiring in his investigation of the crime, but all efforts were unsuccessful, and the crime remains as great a mystery as ever.

Nasturtium seeds used as capers are quite good if the seeds are gathered before too hard and kept for a day or two with salt sprinkled over them; put into bottles, pour boiling vinegar over them, and cork when cool.

The Love Gambler

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

THE clock in the hall had just chimed the quarter before 9 when Desirée heard David's ring. She sat still and waited, her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

The maid came from the rear of the house and opened the front door.

She had never seen her employer's former chauffeur, therefore, treated him as an ordinary caller. Desirée could hear her deferential tones as she offered to take his coat and hat from him.

There was a pause while the man divested himself of his coat. The maid ushered him into the drawing-room. Desirée rose as he entered, and the dark blue portieres closed behind him.

The room was lighted only by shaded globes that threw a soft glow over everything. As in a flash David remembered how he had stood there by this girl weeks ago—when he had first entered her father's employ—and how, for a moment, he had felt that he was once more in his own place. Had that feeling been a premonition—or a warning?

He drew himself together, and looked at his hostess. She was pale, but self-contained. She wore, as the first time he saw her, light violet color. Her semi-evening dress showed her white throat. Around it was a slender chain from which hung the amethyst and diamond pendant. He tried to keep his eyes from resting on it.

"Good evening, Smith," she said, holding out her hand to him. He had not expected this. Taking her hand, he bowed low over it, then released it.

"You are very kind to see me this evening, Miss Leighton," he heard himself saying.

"I am glad to see you," she rejoined with the ease of a thoroughbred. "I had no other engagement. Won't you sit down?"

Smith was surprised. As she seated herself, he took an upright chair near her.

"You wanted to speak to me about a matter of business, I think—at least that is what I inferred from your letter."

He hesitated. Her self-possession calmed him, yet he did not want to make a false step.

He could not know what agitation her placid exterior hid. As she gazed at him sitting there in her drawing-room her heart was beating madly. She had always thought him good looking. Fought he seemed handsomer than any other man she had ever seen. She longed to beg him to tell her about himself—to speak to her as if he were her friend—as if—

"Hardly business—in one way," he amended, and she listened eagerly. "I wrote that it was a matter of some importance to me. I can hardly hope it will be of any particular moment to you. It is about some one in whom I happened to be interested."

This was not the chauffeur speaking. It was a person who understood the English language and who was at his ease in Samuel Leighton's drawing-room. His errand might make him nervous, his surroundings did not.

Desirée smiled politely. "A friend of yours?" she asked. She was disappointed. Perhaps, after all, he had come to suggest to her that her father employ some one in whom he was interested. Yet why should he—a man of the world and a gentleman—come to her about this?

"I shall be glad to hear anything you have to say about any one in whom you are interested," she added warmly. It is about—

friend of yours—Miss Jeanne De Laine.

She started in astonishment, and a shadow crossed her face.

"Is he a friend of yours?" she demanded coldly.

"Yes—that is—perhaps I should say rather that he is an acquaintance of mine. I have known him all my life. He has heard of you very often."

"Ah!" even more coldly than before. "I have heard of him, too. But I have never met him. I know of him only through his aunt."

One who was not cognizant with the particulars of the case would have known from her manner that she despised the subject of this dialogue.

David was assailed by a fear that she would forbid him to mention the name of De Laine in her presence.

"I understand that you have never cared to meet him. I, myself, can well appreciate that."

"Why?" she demanded. "Why should you fancy I would not care to meet him?"

He saw that she suspected he knew something about David De Laine's possible inheritance.

A wonderful courage came to him. Everything depended upon how well he played his part now. As in most great crises, he felt as if possessed by another personality than his own—a personality who spoke and acted through him.

"Because of what you have heard of him," he replied bluntly. "I must ask you to forgive me for speaking so frankly. But De Laine has been waiting all these years for his aunt's fortune. So I, knowing him rather well, have taken the liberty of coming here tonight to tell you that he will never inherit one bit of his aunt's estate."

"I know that," she said. "Indeed, with well-feigned surprise. When I was mistaken in thinking that nobody but his lawyer and myself knew that he has signed away all present or future rights to a single cent of Miss De Laine's fortune."

(To Be Continued.)

To preserve patent leather shoes and boots, clean with a rag dipped in milk, then polish with a piece of old velvet. This prevents the leather from cracking.

A Glimpse into the Beyond

More than ever people are being convinced that messages from the dead are as real as they are strange.

More than ever is science striving to bridge the spiritual gap between this world and the next.

Basil King, writer and novelist, was only a short while ago in a similar perplexity—until suddenly his revelation came. Strange, fascinating, undeniably real.

Read this startling, strange experience in which he bares these astounding hidden secrets.

Perhaps he may convince you of their reality—but whether he does convince you or no, you will find it more fascinating than any novel.

The ABOLISHING OF DEATH

By BASIL KING

Price \$1.25

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

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BOOKS

TALES FROM THE SECRET KINGDOM. By Ethel M. Gate. New Haven: Yale University Press.

This is a collection of fairy stories of the very highest type, worthy the best traditions of Hans Andersen or the Grimms. Children will be enchanted by them, and those whose pleasant task it will be to read them aloud to the very young folk will be equally charmed and entertained. The tales are all told about fairies, the little wood folk who talk fairy lore and wear the tiny dewdrop crown on their heads. This book will be a splendid Christmas gift for any child. Much of the attractiveness of the volume is due to the handsome cover and the illustrations at the head of each chapter which were designed by Katherine Buffum.

Household Suggestions

Brasswork can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Silk lace that has become yellow may be bleached by exposing it in the sun while wet.

When filling oil lamps place a small lump of camphor in the oil vessel. This will greatly improve the light and make the flame clearer and brighter.

A sprinkling of hops in the brine when bacon and hams are put in pickle adds greatly to the flavor of both, and enables them to be kept an indefinite period.

Like the Sword of Damocles

DANGER hung above his head and Death hung in the balance.

Keith had killed a man and fled into the deep fastness of the unbeaten trails of the great Northwest—pursued by a member of the Mounted Police—who died when he caught Keith—but not before they grew strangely fond of one another and—struck by their strange physical resemblance, the dying man urged Keith to return to civilization and act the part of the officer. Keith returned—his deception almost succeeded—love came—and fate made it the girl who had accepted him as her brother—continued deception made love impossible—confession meant death—because day and night the sword hung threateningly above his head.

Read this big novel of mystery, adventure and love in the beautiful and free trails of the Northwest.

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A New Novel of God's Country
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